

An Exploration of Will's Darkness

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31126475) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31126475>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Blood and Injury , Blood and Gore , Blow Jobs , Post-Fall (Hannibal) , Bottom Will Graham , Power Bottom , Top Hannibal Lecter , Canon-Typical Violence , First Time , Anal Sex , Creampie , Felching , Anal Fingering , Anal , Blood Kink , Multiple Orgasms
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Twitter Threads
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-06 Words: 2,096 Chapters: 2/2

An Exploration of Will's Darkness

by [anabridge](#)

Summary

A few months after they slay the Great Red Dragon, Will becomes too ambitious in his kills and gets hurt on the hunt.

Notes

This is one of my many Hannigram thirsty threads that was originally posted to Twitter! You can find me and more power bottom Will content (and bottom Hannibal too!) @hannabitchwill. Comments welcome!

Will's Darkness Part 1

After they slay the Dragon, Will's darkness consumes him. He is the ruthless killer that Hannibal anticipated he would be. Their murders make headlines so Will and Hannibal don't stay in any one city for too long.

Will is ambitious, he is not afraid to take on the big and strong Verger henchmen who are unfortunate enough to catch up with them. Hannibal and Will work in synch while on the hunt. They are so attuned to one another that they do not need to speak.

Hannibal is delighted to welcome this version of Will into his life. His mind palace is filled with memories of his beloved's flushed cheeks as he works to dismember bodies, strangle necks, and bite viciously to tear open throats.

Tonight is much of the same. Will has knocked an incredibly rude man unconscious. The man had spit at Will and Hannibal's feet as they walked through the streets holding hands. He didn't make it more than a few feet away before Will dragged him back by the hair.

Hannibal had smiled wide, his teeth on full display, "Let's bring this one back to the hotel, shall we?" he asks. Will hums in agreement, his hands already throwing the man's arm around his shoulders. It simply looks as though the two men are bringing a poor drunk off the streets

The moment the door slams shut behind them, the once unconscious man thrashes unexpectedly, throwing a punch directly at Hannibal's throat. Will launches forward, pulling a knife out of his pocket to stab the man. Will growls, "I love it when they fight back."

The pair work in perfect harmony, Hannibal wraps an arm around the man's neck from behind, and Will attacks from the front. Neither of the pair expects the man to be a skilled fighter. But he is, and he manages to knock the knife out of Will's hand. Hannibal continues to choke the man while Will throws punches.

The man stands there and takes the hits until he jerks forward, using his strength to throw Hannibal over his head. Hannibal lands with a thump on the kitchen floor, hitting his head. Will feels rage spill through him. "Now you really have it coming for you."

Will kicks at the man to buy a few moments to grab the knife that had skid across the room. As he runs, the man pulls Will back by the leg. He tries to roll away but the man overpowers him and uses his weight to pin Will beneath him. He reaches out for the knife at the same time Will does. The knife is just within reach, but before Will can grab it, the man snatches it first. Quickly, the man stabs Will in the chest near his collarbone and he howls in pain. He looks over, Hannibal is now slowly inching his way toward them.

Will reaches forward and tears a mouthful of flesh off the man's throat. Blood splatters across his face, leaving him blind momentarily while the man pulls the knife out and tries to slash him once more. But before he can, Hannibal shatters a vase over the man's head. Will tries his best to throw roll out from beneath the man, but the piercing pain in his chest holds him

back. Hannibal snaps the man's neck before pulling the body off of him. Hannibal's concerned expression looms over him. "Will. Look at me. Mylimasis, look at me."

Will meets his eyes. "I'm alright Hannibal, it just hurts. He didn't get anywhere near my heart." Hannibal's practiced hands open the buttons of his shirt to reveal the wound. "It's deep, Will. It will require stitches." His voice catches in his throat. "I'm so sorry, Will. I'm sorry I wasn't there for you when you needed me."

Will sits up as best as he can, he reaches up to caress Hannibal's cheek. "It's alright, Hannibal. I'm not hurt badly, you saved me." Hannibal looks away, that's when Will notices the tears in his eyes.

"Hannibal, you haven't lost me. I'm right here." Will reassures him. "We'll be prepared next time, okay? We can train once I'm all healed," he promises. The tears have now begun to stream down Hannibal's face. Will breathes out harshly. "I hate seeing you like this."

In a last-ditch effort to get Hannibal's mind off this debacle, Will grabs both sides of Hannibal's face and kisses him firmly. Hannibal's breath hitches. They haven't kissed since their night at the cliff house. After a pause, Hannibal kisses him back. They meet in a clash of teeth. As Will's tongue slips into Hannibal's throat, the rigidity of his shoulders seems to smooth away. Before Hannibal can pull away, Will tugs him closer with a hand behind his neck, "I want you," he whispers against his lips.

"Just like this, Hannibal. I want you like this." Hannibal kisses down the side of Will's throat.

"Nonsense, Will. You are hurt." Despite the pain, Will rolls them over with a hand braced against the wall. He sits up and sits astride Hannibal's lap.

"You know better than anyone that I've never shied away from pain," Will says with a smirk. He pulls his shirt off his shoulders and settles against Hannibal more firmly. He feels Hannibal's hardness against his own. "Besides, you seem to like this."

Will's hands settle across Hannibal's back and his nails scratch down sharply. "Come on, Hannibal. We've waited long enough don't you think?" he asks as he grinds slowly against Hannibal's hard length.

Hannibal groans. "I never could resist you, even if I tried." With a wide grin, Will pushes Hannibal flat onto his back. "Ugh, I love seeing you filthy like this, covered in blood, willing to do anything I ask."

Hannibal gazes up at him, "The way you look at me ruins me. You and your darkness are beautiful, Will." For just a moment, the killers lose themselves in one another's eyes. Until Will breaks the moment by quickly undoing his belt and pulling his briefs and pants down.

He pulls Hannibal's hands back as he tries to do the same. "You always do everything for me, Hannibal. Now let me take care of you." Once he reveals Hannibal's uncut cock, Will sucks the glistening tip into his mouth.

Hannibal's thighs clench beneath him. He tries to slip his fingers into Will's curls. "No, Hannibal, you'll take what I give you." He pins Hannibal's hands beneath his legs. Will sucks the hard length into his mouth greedily and then holds, breathing in his scent and tasting for the first time.

Will moans with Hannibal still in his mouth, and the vibrations cause Hannibal to jerk beneath him. "That's enough for now, don't you think?" Next, Will reaches behind Hannibal to grab a bottle of oil. "If you're good, I'll let you get me ready for you."

Will's Darkness Part 2

Chapter Summary

Flushed with adrenaline from the hunt, Will Graham finally gives in to something he's wanted for a while.

Chapter Notes

More content like this on my Twitter @hannabitchwill - all my works are usually posted there first!

Will tilts the bottle of oil and slicks his fingers. He sits upon his knees but stays at eye level with Hannibal, reaching behind to insert a finger into himself. Hannibal watches silently, his eyes are dazed as he struggles to not use his hands.

He can feel the steady stream of blood dripping down his chest where the man had stabbed him. Hannibal's eyes flick between the wound and where Will's cock stands erect and leaking in front of him. "Look, but don't touch, Hannibal. Keep your hands where I put them," Will reminds him.

Will shimmies his hips down and pushes against his own finger, going up and down slowly. His cock flicks against Hannibal's abs, smearing his sticky precum against the defined ridges. He moans shamelessly. "I can tell how badly you want to touch me. Your jaw is clenched so tight."

A devious smile stretches across Hannibal's lips as he gets an idea. He laps the blood that is trickling down from Will's knife wound and coats his tongue. He brings his tongue to Will's nipple and smears the dark fluid against the pointed pink peak. Will jerks. He feels a throb of hunger travel straight to his cock while Hannibal sucks the nipple coated with his blood hard enough to bruise. Hannibal pulls back, "You never said I couldn't use my mouth did you?" he asks.

Will laughs, a melodious sound between them amongst the heavy breathing. "That's right. You have always managed to be one step ahead of me."

Will continues to thrust against two of his fingers, close enough to continue rubbing his cock against Hannibal's stomach. Hannibal laps up more blood and travels to his other nipple. "You taste divine, Will."

Will laughs, "Cannibals are always hungry for more aren't they?"

"Not all cannibals. Just yours, mylimasis." The squelching sounds of Will thrusting against his fingers becomes harder to resist. "Let me touch you, Will. Please?" Hannibal asks.

Will hums a thoughtful noise. "Since you've been good, yes." As soon as the words are out of his mouth, Will is jerked forward as Hannibal reaches behind him to pull apart his cheeks and squeeze. Will continues to finger himself. "Would you like to see me get ready for you?"

Will uses his knees to turn his body around, and he feels Hannibal plunge a finger into his hole alongside his own. Hannibal growls, "You stretch so beautifully for me, Will." Although it burns slightly, Will loves the idea of a part of Hannibal finally being inside him.

Hannibal angles his next thrust so that the tips of all three fingers push against that perfect spot deep inside him. They both moan at the same time. "Why deny yourself my touch when we know each other so well?" Hannibal asks while they work to bring Will closer to the edge.

"It's not about that Hannibal. It's about me letting you have this, knowing that you need me as badly as I need you." Will pulls their fingers out and drizzles the oil over Hannibal's cock that stands proudly between them. He is so sensitive that he begins to shake as Will strokes his length, using both hands to generously lubricate his cock.

"Are you ready to fuck me?" Will asks. Hannibal can only manage to nod his head. Will brings the tip of Hannibal's cock between his cheeks. With a smile, he rubs the tip around the edge of his outstretched rim. Will hums in anticipation. Hannibal already feels so good and warm against the most sensitive part of him.

Hannibal sucks bruises into the side of his throat as Will braces himself against his lover's thighs and sinks down slowly. *The pleasure is blinding.*

Will sinks further and further until his legs burn and he seats himself fully on Hannibal's length. He pants breathlessly, "Oh my god, Hannibal. It's so good. I didn't think it could be this good." "You shower me with praise, beloved, it is perfect for me as well."

Before he can expect it, Hannibal thrusts up once and nails his prostate in one go. The teasing and buildup from before finally catch up to him, and Will comes. Barely a minute into having Hannibal inside him, Will loses himself and paints thick streaks between their bodies.

"I... I never come that easily, I swear" Will laughs and the sounds cause his sensitive hole to jerk around Hannibal's leaking length still inside him. "Will, let me pull out, I don't want to hurt you."

"No, Hannibal don't be silly. Finish inside me. Take what you need."

Hannibal searches his eyes for a moment to make sure. He must find what he's looking for because, with controlled strength, he pushes Will beneath him and begins to thrust at neck-breaking speed. Hannibal uses Will so thoroughly that he feels consumed. He can barely keep up.

"I'm close, Will" he warns.

"Inside me. Come inside me, Hannibal," Will asks desperately as he places a sharp bite into Hannibal's shoulder. His teeth seem to do the trick because his cock jerks before he feels warmth flood inside him.

Before he knows what's happening, Hannibal has pulled out and flipped him onto the ground carefully, minding his wound. He then pulls his cheeks open to gaze at Will's come-filled hole. "May I?" he asks. "Oh god, yes. Hannibal, you can eat me out."

Will moans and utters filthy phrases as Hannibal eats his own come out of his sensitive outstretched hole. He feels boneless after the first time, but Hannibal insists on taking him again. In total, Hannibal laps up Will's dripping insides three times the first night they fuck.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!